

# THE ARCHON

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Dummer  
Academy

February Number  
1913



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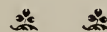


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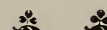
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NEWBURYPORT



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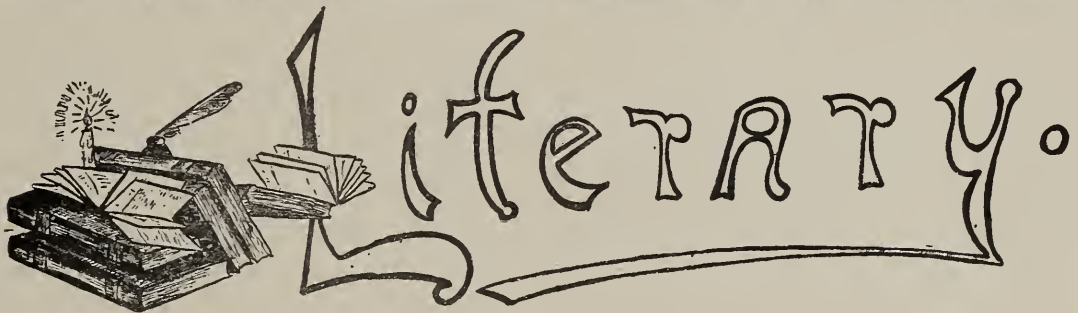
# THE ARCHON

Published Monthly in the Interests of the  
Students of Dummer Academy

*Vol. 1 New Series*

*FEBRUARY, 1913.*

*No. 1*



## THE FIRST KILN

Mr. Dunham, president of the Cottville Brick and Tile Company, was evidently very impatient, as he sat drumming on the desk with his fingers and vigorously puffing a strong cigar, on a certain morning in the latter part of August. Every once in a while he glanced out of the window as if he were expecting some one. At last he could stand it no longer.

"What in thunder do you suppose can be keeping him?" he exclaimed to two men who sat on the opposite side of his desk.

One of these, Mr. Thompson, the treasurer and secretary of the company, merely glanced up for a moment from his magazine, for he had never known Dunham when he was not impatient. The other man, Mr. Hepple, a shrewd business man, who was the largest stockholder in the company, reassured him for the twentieth time that Mr. Burns would be here by ten o'clock.

"Well," replied Mr. Dunham, "if he is going to be on time he has got just exactly five minutes to do it in."

At that moment the door of the outer office opened, and a short, dark man, with a business-like air walked in. Mr. Dunham rose hastily and grasped the man's hand with a cordial shake, after which he introduced him to the others. Then all four of them went into the private office, and after cigars had been lighted Mr. Dunham began.

"Well, sir, we may as well get right down to business at once. I saw Mr. Gates a week ago and he said that you were just the sort of man we were looking for, so that is why I telegraphed you to come. The job I have to offer you is a tough one, but if you can meet the requirements there is a good salary attached to it.

"To begin with, we've got a brickyard here that has one of the finest shale banks in the state on it. Beyond that, there is not much to be said for it,—in fact, the property is nearly a total wreck; the kilns are tumbling down, the machinery is getting rusty, and—well, you can see for yourself later. The last manager we had here knew about as

much about running a brick-plant as I do about flying. Now what I want you to do is to take and remodel the whole plant and put it on a paying basis. We have just issued some new stock and so have money enough in the treasury to start in right away."

"Well," replied Mr. Burns, "I can't say whether I will accept or refuse your offer until I have taken a good look about the plant, so let us go out and see the place."

An hour later they came back, having made a thorough inspection of the property, and had a long talk, and when the conference broke up it was settled that Burns was to take the position.

By the end of a month, although by far the greater part of the work still remained to be done, much had been accomplished, so Burns sent Mr. Dunham word that he would like to have him come up and see what progress had been made. Mr. Dunham arrived the next morning and the two went carefully over the whole plant. When they got back to the office, Mr. Dunham seemed not altogether pleased with what he had seen, and finally he said to Burns, "I don't know as I quite approve of some of the things you have done, Burns; for instance, putting in those two new grinding-pans in the mill. That was an expense that I should think was unnecessary. Wouldn't those old ones have done?"

"Decidedly not," replied Burns; "why, I'll be lucky if I can sell those for scrap iron. We might just as well understand each other right now. If you want me to put up a modern brick plant, of course there is bound to be considerable expense, which will, however, be more than paid back as soon as we get running. I tell you if you build a brick-plant at all it has got to be a modern one, or it won't pay."

"But at this rate we will not have money enough to tide us over until you can start making brick. I've been all over this matter, but, from the way we are running up expenses, I see that my idea of a good brick-yard and yours differ. The plain fact is our money will not hold out at the rate you are going on."

"Then issue more stock. This is a thing that is going to pay, and it won't take men a great while to find it out."

"I don't want to do that unless I am absolutely compelled to."

"Well, Mr. Dunham, if you want me to erect a brick-plant here that will pay, I'm afraid you will have to."

When Mr. Dunham left that night he was dissatisfied, though he didn't quite know why. Then he got to thinking of the possibility of Burns' failing to make a success of the undertaking. Already he had many thousands of dollars invested in the plant, and the consequences of Burns' failing were not pleasant to think of.

This feeling of dissatisfaction grew, when on the second morning after his return, he received a letter from Burns, with a large list of expenditures for the past two weeks. The next day he called a meeting of the stockholders and told them that it would be necessary to issue ten thousand dollars worth more of stock. A few declined to subscribe to any more, as they said they had risked enough already, but the needed amount was finally raised, Mr. Dunham taking out four thousand dollars' worth himself.

Soon work was begun on the new kilns. Then Burns found himself facing new difficulties, for help was scarce, and what could be got were poor workers.

All this time the thought kept preying on Mr. Dunham's mind that



if Burns did not make good he would have practically all of his money sunk in the brick plant without any hope of recovery. He began to get nervous, and at last, when he could stand the strain no longer, he took a train down to Cottville, and went up directly to the yard where he greatly surprised Burns, who was sitting in the office.

"Why on earth didn't you let me know you were coming?" the latter began. "I could have met you at the station."

"Well," Mr. Dunham said, "I really don't know myself why I came up, but I've felt very nervous the past week."

"Over what?"

"Why I might as well say it and get it out of my system, so here it is. You must be aware, Mr. Burns, that I have a good deal of money invested in this company; more than I should care to lose."

"But I don't see how you are going to lose it. Why, we'll be making brick inside of three weeks, and then the money that we have paid out will begin to run in."

"Yes, it will, supposing ——"

"Supposing what?"

"That you can produce the brick, of standard quality."

"Surely you don't think that I am going to fail."

"No, or I wouldn't have invested so much money. But you know there is always a possibility of failure, and some how or other it has been that possibility which has been troubling me for the last week. Remember, Mr. Burns, that it is other people's money that you are handling, and I expect you to be just as careful of it as if it were your own, if not more so. Think what the consequences will be if you fail, and your first test of success or failure will be your first kiln of brick. You must not take any chances.

"Well," he added, getting up from his chair, "I must be going, as I only came up to get this load of worry off my mind. I'll be down again, with Mr. Thompson and Mr. Hepple, when you start up the machinery. Meantime, be careful, old man, for I cannot afford to lose the money I have put into this thing."

After Mr. Dunham had gone, Burns sat fully half an hour, smoking cigarettes and pondering on what the president had said. He had never thought of but one side of the matter, and that was that he was going to succeed. At last he arose, threw away his cigarette and said to himself, "So he is afraid I may not succeed, is he? Well, I'll show him, if it's the last thing I ever do."

From that day on, Burns was a different man. Whereas, before, he always went around with a word of encouragement for every one, now he scarcely spoke to anybody, and when he did what he said was short and sharp. He began to realize that if he should fail people would talk and point at him as the man who had ruined Mr. Dunham.

On the day when he started to make brick Mr. Dunham came up, with Thompson and Hepple, to see how things were going. Every thing went right but, although neither Burns nor Mr. Dunham said much, the former could plainly see that Mr. Dunham was still apprehensive of the outcome.

When the visitors were about to leave that evening, Burns said, "It will be just about fifteen days, gentlemen, before we can open up our first kiln of brick. I will wire you in time, so that you can come up."

As soon as that first kiln was lit, Burns practically lived at the brick-yard. He had a bed put up in the engine room and sent out one of the men for his meals. He did almost the whole work of firing the kiln

himself. All of the men began to think that he was too jealous to let any one else do it. He stayed right near the kiln for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, in some of the coldest and roughest weather. He would hardly speak to anyone, but several times some of the men had heard him muttering to himself, "I'll show him; I'll show him." By the end of a week, his eyes were sunk deep in their sockets and were outlined with dark purple rings. Some of the men urged him repeatedly to let them attend to the kiln while he rested, but he would not. Little did they know that when Mr. Dunham had spoken to Burns about his handling other people's money the latter had taken a fixed resolve to make good, as though the words had reflected on his honor. At least once in every hour he would go up on top of the kilns and measure the expansion rods which showed just when the proper temperature had been reached. At last the rod showed an expansion of almost eight inches, out of the required nine.

As it drew near to the time to let the fires in the grate of the kiln die out, Burns became more and more restless and could scarcely wait. It was getting close to seven o'clock in the evening, and, as he had not looked at the expansion rods for some time, he climbed up on top of the kiln and measured them again. This time the expansion was just nine inches. He breathed a sigh of relief as he realized all that remained to be done now was to wait until the kiln should cool sufficiently to be opened.

"That's the worst of it," he said, unconsciously talking to himself; "that week will seem a month. I am sure of success, and yet, — well, as Mr. Dunham said, there always is a chance of failure." He turned to go down the short ladder which led up to the kiln, but it had been raining

that day and the rounds of the iron ladder were slippery, and as he placed one foot on the ladder he slipped and fell headlong over the side of the kiln.

One of the men heard him fall and ran over to the kiln. He picked him up unconscious, and with the help of another man, he got him into the office, where a doctor was telephoned for. Just as the doctor got there, about fifteen minutes later, Burns opened his eyes and groaned.

After a hasty examination, the doctor turned to the men and said, "He has broken his leg and may be injured internally; so I think he had better be taken at once to the hospital."

With their help he got the injured man placed as comfortably as possible in his automobile, and on arriving at the hospital the broken leg was immediately set.

When Burns awoke late the next morning, he asked at once to see the doctor. As soon as the latter came into the room, Burns told him to send a telegram at once to Mr. Dunham, telling him what had happened, and bidding him to come up at once, as the kiln would be ready to open as soon as it cooled. The doctor promised to attend to this and Burns dropped off to sleep again.

That night he developed a high fever, and when Mr. Dunham arrived next day, the doctor would not let him see the patient on account of his condition. For four days and nights the fever kept up, and the doctor began to fear that if he could not bring down the temperature it might prove fatal.

On the sixth day after the accident Mr. Dunham decided to open the kiln. So he sent for Mr. Thompson and Mr. Hepple, who had not come up with him at first, and as they got there before night they had time that day to open and inspect the kiln of brick.



That night slowly but surely Burns' temperature began to fall, until by the next noon it was nearly normal, and the patient was feeling much better. In the middle of the afternoon the doctor came in, and going over to the bed where Burns was lying said, "Mr. Burns, do you feel able to see Mr. Dunham for a few minutes?"

At once Burns was all animation, and he exclaimed eagerly, "Yes, yes, as soon as possible."

In a few moments the door was opened again and Mr. Dunham came in and walked quickly over to Burns, who at once asked if the kiln had been opened yet.

"Yes, we opened it yesterday," said Mr. Dunham: "and Burns, you've made good. Those were the finest bricks I ever saw."

Burns didn't wait to hear more, but sank back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, muttering, "I knew I could do it. I knew it."

P. G. D.

## THANKSGIVING DINNER

"Bless this food, O Lord, which Thou hast set before us."

From the lower end of the table I slowly raised my head and looked around to see Unc' Jawge's face, embellished with an ear-to-ear grin. Below that ebony face was a big turkey, brown, the skin done just so that it was crisp without being tough, decorated all over with greens, steaming and — But just then Unc' Jawge set the turkey on the table. I wondered how long it would be before a piece came to me. One, two, three, — eleven people to be helped; then I might have a turn. Well, I would just look around and see if the old place had changed much.

I had come home for Thanksgiving. School was over for a week, so I had a chance to come all the

way home, a chance that I had not had before for a long time. The train had been late, and I had no sooner arrived than I was told I had but ten minutes before dinner. Vaguely wondering whether I would get a demerit if I were late, I made a hasty toilet and rushed down stairs just in time to go in with the rest of the family. Now, as I looked around the old dining-room, I found it just as I remembered it before. Outside, the last leaves were falling and a cold wind was blowing. I had left home in the summer time and the only changes were those that weather and season make.

A plate was set down before me. Turkey! Its delightful fragrance had filled me with a pleasant sensation even while I had been looking around and trying to stifle my impatience. Ah, how good it looked! Up at the head of the table Uncle Bill was carving the last bit when a door opened and in came a procession bearing dishes of vegetables, — potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and various other kinds. I wondered how much we were going to have before the banquet ended; if this were only the beginning, I would have to just sample it and "save up" for other things. It did seem a shame that on this special day we could not eat all we wanted of everything, or that we could not have a part of the feast one day and a part the next.

Gradually we finished the first course, some because they could eat no more, some because they wished to eat something of what was to follow, some because they did not wish to show the full extent of their appetite. I was in the last two classes. Then came mince and pumpkin pies, and plum pudding. While my uncle was burning the brandy from the plum pudding, the family cat, who had been reposing peacefully near by, seemed to think it was time for her

to get into the game, and drawing near to the head of the table looked up with an expectant gaze. My uncle took a piece of bread, soaked it in the brandy, and tossed it to her. In a few minutes the cat began to show symptoms of intoxication.

"Why, Bill," said my mother, "what is the matter with the cat?" Uncle Bill "fessed up" and was properly reprimanded.

What's this? Another course? Ice cream, too! I could eat very little of that, because of the fact that I had approached my limit in the other courses. After this there were no more formal courses, the candy, fruit, nuts and raisins being placed around to be dipped into as one had capacity and inclination.

A few minutes later Uncle Bill suggested that we change our minds and live to eat another dinner on Christmas day. "All in favor of not dying today, please rise," he said. We rose, unanimously.

That was the end of the best Thanksgiving dinner I ever had. I am back at school, grinding away at subjects which do not remotely suggest such festivities; but I do not have to use much imagination to see again the lights, the room, and the people gathered around the board. but the clearest picture I have is of Unc' Jawge's head, grinning above the turkey.

R. B. C.

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### THE NERVE OF PEWEE JONES

It was the day of the St. John's—Colmar hockey match, and down on the rink the St. John's 'Varsity were having a last practice game with the scrubs. Again and again the regulars carried the puck down the ice, shooting it almost at will past the scrub goal-tend. Finally, however, the scrubs stiffened, and suddenly shift-

ing from defence to offence, they rushed the disc towards the 'Varsity net. The puck shot towards the goal and was blocked off by Pewee Jones, the goal-tend.

Immediately a wild scramble ensued for the possession of the rubber, in the midst of which a boy fell to the ice. Before he could rise, a skate passed over his hand, inflicting a slight cut. Pewee Jones saw the blood ooze forth, and felt a dizzy sensation coming over him; his legs slipped, and he fell in a dead faint.

That night Coach Wilkins and Captain Dyer talked over plans for the morrow.

"Funny how Jones fainted at the sight of a little cut," remarked the captain. "He told me afterwards that he had had a similar experience when he was a little kid and got his finger cut; simply couldn't bear it."

"Well," demanded the coach, more savagely, "suppose a man gets cut in tomorrow's game and Jones faints,—who'll we put in? Haven't got anyone else worth anything, have we?"

"I was thinking of that" answered Dyer. "I'll have a talk with Jones, and try to get him to see the importance of having his nerve right with him all the time."

The day of the game dawned crisp and sun-shiny, — ideal hockey weather, — and long before the game began spectators were lined along the side of the rink and were filling the small bleachers which had been put up at one side of it.

Promptly at three o'clock the captains of the respective teams met in the center of the ice, a coin was tossed and Dyer elected to defend the north goal. The centers took their positions, the referee dropped the puck between them, and the game was on.

The Colmar man was the quicker of the two, and now the green and white line swept along towards the



St. John's goal where the latter's defense repulsed them, and a man wearing the blue of St. John's got the puck and started back with it. The Colmar line being taken un-awares, were behind, but their cover-point now started to intercept him. Too late! A pass across the ice to a waiting team-mate, and the puck whizzed through the air and lodged in the net behind the Colmar goaltend, while a big white "1" opposite St. John's on the score-board brought forth a mighty cheer.

Again the puck was put in play, but neither team could score until the middle of the second period, when St. John's increased their score to two. This seemed to wake up the Colmar team, and they rushed the puck toward the blues' goal, where a wild *mêlée* took place: sticks were

scraping away and shins were getting bruised, but the disc would not go into the goal.

Suddenly Pewee Jones felt a sharp pain in his foot. He began to feel dizzy, but still he kept on his feet, saying to himself, "I've got to last it out, I've got to." Luckily the play was now away from the goal, and when, a few seconds later, the referee's whistle announced the end of the game, Pewee Jones calmly sat down on the ice and fainted away.

Later, in the dressing-room, after having examined the foot, Coach Wilkins turned to the team and said, tensely, "If any one ever asks you what real nerve is; tell them about the chap that fainted at the sight of a cut finger and then played half a hockey game with two toes crushed to a pulp!"



NOTE.—Items from former pupils about themselves or others are especially desired by this department.

'29 Elijah Parish Noyes still strong and as active as a much younger man, is a familiar figure in Byfield. Mr. Noyes is the oldest living graduate of Dummer and no one to meet him striding rapidly along would suspect him of being in his ninety-second year.

'38 Daniel Dole Adams of Newbury is in very poor health this winter.

'45 Hon. N. N. Withington of

Newburyport still writes forceful editorials for the *Herald*.

'52 Among the pupils of Master Chute still living in this vicinity are: William Hale and George Prescott of Rowley, and George William Tenney of Georgetown.

'60 George B. Blodgette lectured before the school most acceptably during the fall, on Byfield and Its Traditions.

'07 Nat Ambrose has returned to Dartmouth to complete his course next June.

'07 George Croston in business in Chicago, spent his Xmas with his family in Haverhill.

'07 Donald Redfern resigned his position here Xmas to engage in another line of work in Lynn.

'08 Harry Hilton sent Xmas greetings from some point in Central America.

'09 David Caldwell, who represented us on the track at the Olympic Games, is now at Cornell; he is in great form and will run for the B. A. A. this winter.

'09 Ernest Carver was recently married and continues with the General Electric Company in Schenectady, N. Y.

'10 Harold Brewer is captain of the Amherst "Aggie" football team for next year.

'10 "Doc" Calef is now at Worcester Tech.

'12 Brown is at Dartmouth.

Leonard Prentice who is taking a year abroad, reported from Italy at Xmas.

Charles Somerby has recently been elected a director of the Newburyport Public Library, this is an unusual honor for so young a man.

Recent visitors of the Academy are, Hon. Richard Stone '57, of Boston, Harry Whipple, Riverside, Cal., J. Leach, Danvers, Mr. and Mrs. George Champney, Lynnfield Center, Robert Chandler, '12, from Worcester Tech., and Littig, Manley, Bodin, and J. Woodward, who were students here last year.

## SCHOOL NOTES

The most valuable service the ARCHON can render is to keep the friends of the school in touch with its life and plans and no pains will be spared to make this service as effective as possible. Those desiring information about matters in the recent history of the school may also

be served by addressing the ARCHON.

The following lists are given to show the present organization of the school.

Fred M. Ambrose, president of Board of Trustees, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

Alden P. White, Vice President, Salem, Mass.

Frederick P. Cabot, Treasurer, 530 Exchange Building, Boston, Mass.

Jarvis Lamson, Trustee and Chairman of Executive Committee, 92 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

Edward P. Noyes, Trustee and Chairman Finance Committee, 40 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

Ivan T. Rule, Secretary, Newburyport, Mass.

Edward P. Noyes, Winchester; John Pierce, New York; J. N. Dummer, Rowley; Alfred Ordway, Bradford; E. B. George, Haverhill; Wm. H. Blood, Jr., Wellesley; William R. Castle, Jr., Boston; Rufus Adams, Salem; Francis A. Goodhue, Brookline; Charles S. Ingham, South Byfield.

SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF DUMMER. Officers for 1912—1913. President, Jarvis Lamson; vice-president, John P. Ingalls; secretary, John B. Shearer; treasurer, Joseph N. Dummer; auditor, George H. Dole.

THE DUMMER ALLIES—The first chapter of this society of friends and patrons, was organized in Byfield in August, 1910; the second, in Newburyport in the early part of 1911. The purpose of the society is to preserve Dummer Academy as a historical monument and to aid in extending its usefulness as a school.

Officers of the Byfield Chapter—President, Miss Emma Hale, Rowley; secretary, Mrs. George Champney, Lynnfield Center; treasurer, Miss Mary Caldwell, Byfield.

Newburyport Chapter—President, Mrs. David Andrews; vice-president,

Miss Mary T. Spaulding; secretary, Ivan T. Rule, Esq.; treasurer, Mrs. M. S. Bernheimer; directors, Miss Margaret Cushing, Miss Georgiana Perkins, Miss Ellen Gillis Todd, Rev. Glenn Tilley Morse, Rev. Lawrence Hayward.

## THE SESQUI CENTENNIAL

The following circular has been sent to all former students. Now look out for details in the ARCHON and line up for Dummer!

The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the foundation of Dummer Academy comes off March first, 1913.

A reunion, which must necessarily be held in part out-of-doors is, for climatic reasons, obviously an impossibility at the Academy in March.

A dinner will be held in Boston on the anniversary, Saturday, March first, 1913, at 6.30 P. M. at the City Club, 9 Beacon St., Boston.

In June the more formal commemoration exercises will be held at the Academy.

At both times, the presence of all former students is earnestly desired. If, for personal reasons which are controlling, your presence at but one time is possible, you are strongly urged to make choice of the June meeting at the Academy itself.

The dinner in Boston will be altogether a family gathering, to look into the past, if you please, and rejoice in the age and honorable history of our Academy, to renew our association and allegiance, to add to and stimulate our knowledge and interest in the Academy of today, to give assurance of our co-operation to make broadly representative and memorable the formal exercises of commemoration and rededication at

our June celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of our foundation.

Plans for the dinner in Boston must be matured now in order to secure suitable accommodations. Those of us who live in this neighborhood, are, as a matter of course, charged with a greater responsibility for the success of our reunions. No one man and no group of men can make the reunions a success without the aid of all. It is "up to you" as it is "up to us" to give cordial and enthusiastic co-operation, that the conditional may be eliminated, and plans fully and promptly matured for a broad representative and successful reunion.

Remember there is only one One Hundred and Fiftieth.

Will you be present at the Boston dinner March first, 6.30 P. M.? Dinner tickets, \$2.00.

Will you be present at the Academy on Monday, June 9th, 1913? Dinner tickets, \$1.00.

Aid us in completing plans by making your own plans definite and remitting now. All remittances should be made payable to Sons of Dummer Academy.

With whom are you in touch whom you wish to have present, and whom we may not reach? Write him now and send us his present address.

Committee.

J. H. Morse, Chairman.  
F. P. Cabot,  
O. Hubbard,  
J. N. Dummer,  
J. B. Shearer,  
W. H. Bentley, Clerk.

Address all correspondence to Room 56, 27 State Street., Boston, Mass.



## HOME LIFE

Among the pleasant memories which we carried away to our various homes at Christmas, were our banquet and our Christmas tree. These were pleasures that were appreciated by all of us.

On the Thursday before the holidays we gathered in the dining room for the Christmas banquet. During the dinner we had a talk by Doctor Ingham on "The Art of Dining," and another by Mr. Rule on "The Old English Christmas." Mr. Bentley gave a brief sketch on "What I would do if I were a boy again."

At various times, telegrams, addressed to Messrs. Marr, Poto, Arnold, Redfern and others were read. These were much appreciated by the hearers, and *sometimes* by those to whom they were addressed.

After the banquet we had our Christmas tree. The gifts were very appropriate and did credit to Miller and Poto, who had charge of this part of the work.

Among the guests at our festivities were Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Rule of Newburyport, and Messrs. Bodin, Manly and Littig of the old boys. Mr. Cabot and Mr. Bailey were also invited, but were unable to be present.

Our only dance of the term took place at Hallow'een. Coleman and Miller had charge, and carried the event through very well. The gymnasium was very effectively decorated and showed very good taste. The orchestra was also well chosen.

There were about twenty-five couples present. The program was arranged by Mrs. Ingham, without whose help the dance could not have been the success it was.

Among the chaperons present were Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Degen and Mrs. Dummer.

The whist parties given by Mrs. Ingham throughout the year, have proved a pleasure to all and have been greatly appreciated.

On Thursday, the ninth of January, we had another banquet, during the course of which several things were discussed. The main purpose was to plan a series of events which would make the term more interesting and which would be for the good of both the school and the students.

Dr. Ingham spoke first on the subject of "The Enthusiastic Man." His idea was that we must put our whole soul into any work which lies before us. He laid especial emphasis on the fact that we are here primarily to study and that should be the first thing to spend our enthusiasm on.

Mr. Bentley said that he wanted to see everybody come up and get behind any plans which might be made and boost them hard.

Mr. Jenkins' idea was to form an Outing Club on the same principle as that at Dartmouth.

Mr. Nagle and Mr. Ramsden saw no reason why Dummer, though a small school, should not have the same spirit as a large one.

Various students then detailed some of their ideas. A Student Council was formed, consisting of three students and one of the masters.

On the following night, Lieut. John Alden Degan, of the 12th U. S. Cavalry, lectured on "The Army and Army Life." This was a new subject to all of us, and proved very interesting.

Mr. Nagle has given two evenings of dramatic readings, which have been greatly enjoyed.

R. B. C.



## WASTED LIVES

There are many people who waste their strength, their time, their talents, — in short, their lives, simply because they never realize their value, never rise to the conception of their having been given them for a useful purpose. These men are the “no-accounts,” who, if they are not an actual burden on the community, at least add nothing to its wealth and contribute nothing to make it a better place to live in. For these we feel no sympathy. Idle, thoughtless, selfish, they deserve none.

But there is a class of apparently wasted lives that are far sadder than these. There are men, — indeed, it is true, to a certain extent, of most men who take life seriously, — who are ever reaching out toward an ideal which seems ever to elude them. Though they never achieve, and apparently never can achieve, the object for which they are continually striving, they keep cheerfully on, with a determination worthy of some better cause, hoping against hope that some day success will crown their efforts. The hopelessness and the heroism of it are pathetic.

Having followed our train of thought thus far it occurred to us to send out our cub reporter to interview a few great men by way of illustrating the point we have made. To the said cub reporter, with little experience of the world, the members of the Faculty seemed to be the greatest men in this community, if not in the world and he forthwith set about obtaining their experiences. Having never interviewed any one before, he naturally felt a little scared about the job so he decided to take Mr. Redfern first, as he had always seemed approachable and

tenderly considerate of the feelings of his pupils.

Mr. Redfern readily responded to the questions of the interviewer, and confessed that the most hopeless thing he had ever undertaken to do was to make a sail boat. When he was about fifteen years old, he sent away (the reporter forgets whether it was to the Youth's Companion or the Ladies' Home Journal), for a plan of a small dory. He worked for about eight months to complete the boat. It was some fifteen feet long, six feet wide, and four feet deep. To make the task harder, he put in a center board. When the boat was completed, he painted it green, and let it dry, which, of course, any sensible person would have done. After two weeks' drying, he thought he would launch it, but to his great dismay, he found that he could not get it through the bulkhead of the cellar, where it had been built, and says he, “to this very day it is in my cellar.” He added that he had hoped that the heat of successive summers, combined with that of the furnace in the winter, would in time cause the boat to shrink sufficiently to get it out of doors. He is still hoping.

Circumstances having delayed the publication of the ARCHON, the reporter postponed any further interviewing for several weeks. Meantime Mr. Redfern departed and Mr. Nagle came to take his place. Encouraged by his pleasant smile, the cub interrogated him on the subject. Mr. Nagle said that it had been his ambition for many years to learn to dance with that spirit and abandon that he had observed in some younger men. He was fond of dancing and lost no opportunity to

indulge in it, but somehow he never could get out of that slow and stately movement which we are more accustomed to associate with the minuet than with the modern dance. Every time he went on the floor he would say to himself, "Now get a move on yourself, let yourself go," but somehow he had never yet been able to do it.

For some reason best known to himself the reporter decided that Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Ramsden were too young as yet to have acquired any ideals so he skipped them and applied to Mr. Degen.

Mr. Degen said he had thought that if he could succeed in teaching boys not to put the points of their lead pencils into their mouths he could die happy. When he began his teaching career, many years ago, he had been rash enough to include girls in this effort, but he had long since seen that this was too much for any one man to hope. Having limited the range of his ambition, he ex-

pected, and still expects, to attain it, and with characteristic optimism persists in the effort day by day, though he wisely declines to lend his own pencils.

The cub thought to conclude his series with the valuable experiences of the Principal, but when he got half way over to the Mansion House his courage failed him and he turned in his copy with no further illustrations than the above. But they serve to point the truth with which we began. All around us are men who are striving with indomitable courage, with unquenchable hope, and with all their great abilities, to attain the unattainable. We of the Editorial Board, who never do anything we do not positively have to, cannot but regard it as wasted effort. We look on and admire, but we pity. As one of the stars of French I, A remarked the other day, with great originality, "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"





On the corner of the turnpike towards Newburyport, about five hundred yards from the school, is a sign which has written on it: Cherry Hill Nurseries, 6 M. Some one said, "Does that '6 m' mean 6 miles or 6 minutes?"

Says Mr. Jenkins to Small. "What are you given?"

Small: "Given: two circles."

Mr. Jenkins: "What kind of circles?"

Small: "Round."

Bill Sanders fell asleep in French class and Mr. Lacroix said, "Hey, wake up!" Bill stirred. Mr. Lacroix said, as Bill woke up: "How long have you been asleep?" Bill hollered, "Two months,, two months."

"Doc" Green has been disturbing the inmates of the cottage lately, by singing and talking.

Class in Macbeth—Mr. Degen: "Who are the principal characters in the next scene?"

Loud: "Hautboys."

Mr. Jenkins to Mr. Nagle: "Say what is that noise that I hear every night about bed-time, up on your floor?"

Mr. Nagle: "Why, that is Coleman winding up his estate."

Mr. Jenkins: "His estate?"

Mr. Nagle: "Yes, his dollar watch."

Trask received a demerit the other night in study hall, and came up to Mr. Degen at the close of the hour to know what it was for.

Mr. Degen: "For being so disorderly all the evening."

Trask (with his usual expression of pained surprise): "Why, Mr. Degen, I never was so good in my life as I was this evening."

Mr. Degen: "You must have been leading a pretty hard life."

Flanders' new English dictionary is not yet completed. We have ordered a copy in advance for the use of the Editorial Board.

Deers are very scarce in this vicinity ever since Mr. Bentley got after them last fall.





#### FACULTY.

Charles Samuel Ingham, Ph. D., Master,  
 Latin  
 George Frederic Degen, M. A., Master's  
 Assistant, .....English and Greek  
 Walter Harold Bentley, .....Recorder  
 Maurice Lacroix,  
 French, German, Mechanical Drawing  
 Chester Albert Jenkins, A. B.,  
 Mathematics  
 William G. Ramsden, A. B.,  
 Science, History, Physical Training  
 Ashley Nagle, A. B., German and English  
 Emily M. Adams, ....Junior Department  
 Randolph Hurd, M. D., (Harvard)  
 School Physician

**Registration:**—Day students, 21;— Senior  
 School, 13; Junior School, 8.  
 House students, 33:—Senior  
 School, 15; Junior School, 8.  
 In attendance second term, day  
 students, 21; house students, 28.

**Financial:**—No floating debt; gain in  
 tuition fees over last year, \$4,000.

**Athletics:**—Fall term tournament (open).  
 Cup won by Willard S. Kohn, Fall  
 baseball—Won, two, lost none;  
 soccer football, two games—won  
 one, tied two.

Basket ball to date—won five  
 lost one. Games won—West  
 Newbury, two; Newburyport Y. M.  
 C. A. 2d, one; Salem High  
 School, one; Lynn English High,  
 one. Game lost, Haverhill High.

Hockey—no ice, no games.

Baseball prospects, excellent.

**Junior School:**—Basketball team. Two  
 games with Newburyport Y. M.  
 C. A. 2nd. Lost one, won one.

Manual training class is taking  
 down old ice house for material  
 to erect a camp on the Point.

**Sons of Dummer and the Celebration of  
 the One Hundredth and Fiftieth  
 Anniversary.** (See announcement  
 elsewhere.)

**Dummer Allies:**—Byfield Chapter. The  
 Society for the past two years  
 has raised the money required for  
 two prize scholarships for Byfield  
 boys at the school.

**Newburyport Chapter:**—The Society has  
 in the past two years raised nearly  
 half of the two thousand dollars  
 needed for a free scholarship  
 to be awarded annually to a  
 student from Newburyport as a  
 part of the celebration next June,  
 the two societies hope to announce  
 that their membership has  
 reached a total of 1,000.

## The Archon

VOL. I.—New Series.

No. 1

February, 1913

After resting on its record since 1909, the ARCHON greets old friends and new friends with the season's compliments and with a fixed purpose to appear promptly and regularly from now on. In addition to the usual functions of a school paper, the ARCHON hopes to be especially helpful this year in telling the "Sons of Dummer" and other friends of the school about the plans for celebrating, next June, the 150th anniversary of the founding of the school. On this head more—much more—later. It is well to make the first chapter of a serial short. We offer this introductory number with some misgivings on account of our inexperience, but we hope that the reader will not be too critical of its shortcomings and will follow us with interest in our school life in this and future numbers.

One of the new features recently introduced is a House Committee, or Student Council, as it is variously called. It is composed of one master and three students, who are elected by the boys. Two boys are chosen to represent the dwellers in the Commons and one to represent



the boys at Peirce Cottage. On certain days this Committee comes together and discusses any matters that may be brought up tending to further the happiness or general comfort of the students, and considers any alleged grievance.

If the matter seems worth while, their findings and recommendations are reported to the head master, who, if they seem to him reasonable, puts them into effect. One of the first matters that came before them was a suggested change in the time of the evening study hour, from 7.45 to 7.30, so that the boys could have a full hour to themselves between study hour and bed time. This was promptly adopted, to the satisfaction of all concerned. Any boy is at liberty to make suggestions to the Committee, who try to find out the general sentiment among the boys, and decide each matter on the principle of the greatest comfort of the greatest number.

The Entertainment Committee has made a fine schedule of coming entertainments for the students. There are to be formal and informal shows, a few dances, very interesting readings from the best authors, and a number of less important events. The first entertainment was given by Mr. Nagle, who read Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." There are to be a number of performances given by those students who wish to take part in them. The first performance was given on the night of the twelfth of February, consisting of a short vaudeville entertainment. On the night of the twenty-second of February a colonial dance was given. On the evening of the twenty-sixth of March is to be given the big show of the year. Last year "Mr. Bob" was played with great success. This year a long and merry minstrel show will take the place of the play.

It is hoped that a larger number of people will attend the show this year than there was last year. This schedule has not been completed. There will be many events happening between the end of March and Commencement.

At the Christmas recess we had a change in the Faculty,— Mr. Redfern resigning and Mr. Nagle coming to take his place. Mr. Redfern is a graduate of Dummer and of Bowdoin, and this was his first experience in teaching. After the first half year he concluded that he could find some other work better suited to his taste and withdrew. He was very generally liked by the boys and by his fellow teachers, and we said good-bye to him with real regret. The ARCHON extends a hearty welcome to his successor, who is an excellent teacher, an all-round athlete, and a sympathetic companion, and has already aroused amongst the boys a more enthusiastic spirit of loyalty to "dear old Dummer."

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**Plan Now to be Present**

**NEXT JUNE**

**at the**

**One Hundred and Fiftieth  
Anniversary**

**of the**

**Foundation of Dummer**

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On account of lack of material, Dummer was not represented by a foot-ball team last fall. The Faculty, however, thought it unwise not to have Dummer heard of in the "sporting world" before the fall slipped by and insisted on having the boys take up some kind of athletics. The matter was put before the boys and it was unanimously decided to take up fall base-ball as a hard season is expected next spring. The weather permitting, candidates were called out by Coach Jenkins, and Poto was appointed captain by Mr. Jenkins, he being the only house student who was a regular on last year's team. Only two games were played, although a few more had to be cancelled on account of the weather. Both games were played with Amesbury High school. The first game at South Byfield, proved that Dummer was, by far, superior, winning by the score of 13 to 5. The best, however, that Dummer could do at Amesbury was to play a tie game.

The weather was now getting a little too cold for baseball and it had to be given up. Soccer foot ball was now taken up for a pastime and two games were arranged with Haverhill High school. The first game was played at South Byfield and Dummer was victorious, the score being, Dummer 1, Haverhill 0. The game at Haverhill proved to be nobody's game, neither side being able to score.

The basket-ball season was now fast approaching and it was decided to give this game attention. Mr. Sanders, who played on last year's

team, was elected captain by the members of the team and it showed good judgment as Mr. Sanders is making a good captain.

Dummer 32,

Newburyport Y. M. C. A. 2nd, 12.

The first game of the season was played at South Byfield and Dummer started the season by defeating the Y. M. C. A. 2nd team of Newburyport. Dummer showed that it was a team not to be trifled with and defeated the Y. M. C. A. team by the score of 32 to 12. For Dummer Yesair was the star, annexing six baskets, while Prichard played a star game for the Newburyporters.

The summary:

Y. M. C. A.	Dummer
Donahue, r. f. ....	l. f. Poto
Prichard, l. f. ....	r. f. Yesair
Dondero, c. ....	c. Loud.
Hopkins, r. b. ....	l. b. Sanders
Dixon, l. b. ....	r. b. Young

Goals from floor, Yesair 6, Loud 4, Poto 3, Young, Prichard 4, Hopkins. Time of game, 2 ten minute halves. Referee, Pollard, Y. M. C. A. first half; Ramsden, Dummer, second half. Timer, Sleeper; scorer, Bodine.

Dummer 19, West Newbury 9.

On Dec. 14, the team took a trip down to West Newbury for their second game of the season and again were victorious. The contest was very rough and exciting throughout, Dummer starting off with a rush and keeping a decisive lead throughout the game, although the West Newbury boys played pluckily to overcome the Academy's lead. Dum-

mer showed the effects of the good coaching of Mr. Ramsden, having superior team work and being far more expert in tossing baskets. In the first half Dummer scored seven points to their opponents' four. Between the halves the Dummer team members were given a rubdown by their trainer and they showed the results by the speed achieved in the second half, Dummer accumulating 12 more points. The work of Sanders, Yesair and Poto was conspicuously excellent, while Loud outplayed his older and far heavier opponent at center. Young, while guarding his man in great shape, contributed a very pretty basket. For West Newbury Bachellor played a star game. About 200 people attended the game.

Dummer 41, West Newbury, 10.

Dummer won its third consecutive game of the season by defeating for the second time West Newbury High School at the Academy's gymnasium. The first period was rather an even fight but the weakening of West Newbury in the second period enabled Dummer to accumulate a very large number of points. Each man on the Academy team did his share in the scoring of points.

Dummer 14,

Haverhill High School 35.

Dummer lost its first game of the season to Haverhill High School at Haverhill. Dummer was greatly handicapped by the large size of the Haverhill gymnasium. One of the features of the game was the "come back" of Dummer in the second period, after being completely outclassed in the first period. A game with Haverhill, to be played at Dummer, will be arranged if possible.

Dummer 33, Salem High School 22.

By clever passing and by excellent

floor work, Dummer was able to defeat Salem High School at South Byfield. The first period was an even thing but in the last period, the Academy boys showed exceptional strength, scoring 18 points. Dummer's forwards were dangerous when left uncovered. The covering of the Dummer backs was a feature of the game.

Dummer 26,

Lynn English High School 11.

In one of the fastest played games ever witnessed on a basket-ball floor, Dummer defeated the Lynn English team by a 26 to 11 score. Yesair, the speedy little forward of the academy team, was the star of the game, shooting 5 baskets from the floor, which secured 10 of Dummer's 26 points. The only time that Lynn had a good opportunity was in the latter part of the first period, but after that they were never in the game, Dummer holding the ball the greater part of the last period.

On account of the disbanding of the Rock Ridge Hall team, Dummer was left without a game on January 29th.

Dummer 11, Melrose 26.

On Feb. 1st the Dummer team took a trip down to Melrose only to meet defeat. The shape of the floor was that of a diamond and the academy boys found themselves lost during most of the game. It might be said that when there was any doubt about a decision it was never given to Dummer.

Dummer 12, Lynn English, 26.

Lynn English's revenge was sweet when they met Dummer at Lynn. The Dummer team was off form caused by the trip. The mile and one-half walk from the station to the gymnasium also added to the boys'



misery. Dummer showed good form in the second half but it was too late then because Lynn had scored most of her points in the first half.

Dummer 13, St. John's Prep. 14.

At Danvers, February 8th, Dummer went down to defeat at the hands of the St. John's boys. By looking at the score one can imagine that the game was hard-fought. The academy boys had the ball under St. John's basket when the whistle blew, at the end of the second period. All the boys felt confident that had they had another minute, they would have turned defeat into victory. A game will be arranged to be played at Dummer and to this game the goys are looking forward.

### ATHLETIC NOTES

The school is well supplied with coaches, having Mr. Jenkins, Dartmouth '11; Mr. Ramsden, Colby '10; Mr. Nagel, Clark College '09.

The spirit shown by the students at the Newburyport Y. M. C. A. game was of great help to the team, as was seen by the score.

The average weight of our basket-ball team is 140 pounds. Quite light, but what we lack in weight is made up in speed.

Mr. Nagel, our new master, is quite an athlete, having played on the Williams College football team and also the basket-ball team.

A third basket-ball team was formed when Mr. Nagel offered his services to coach the team. Paul DeRosay was elected captain and "Dick" Bushnell, manager. Up to date they have played two games, losing one and winning the other. Games are being arranged with grammar school teams and the younger boys are very happy over the outlook.

A good game of hockey may be seen when the "Pierce Cottage" meet the "Commons" at the Academy pond.

Mr. Edward Pierce Nagel, who was a student at Dummer last year, was sub-centre on the Brown-Nicolls team last fall. He was quite an athlete while at Dummer, being captain of the letter-carrier squad and manager of the sewing club.

An outing club will be formed soon and some great sport will be found in hikes through the woods.

The resignation of Sanders as captain of the basket-ball team resulted in the election of Yesair as captain.

### AN IDYL OF DUMMER.

A *Young* man was going up the river for a *Rowe* when he heard a noise, and looking over to the *Lee* shore saw a *Small* boy fighting with a *Cole* man. The *Cole* man who was *Fuller* than he should have been, was getting the best of it, when the daughter of the *Miller* rushed in to separate them. Thereupon they both turned on her. The *Small* boy *Cut*-ter with a knife and the *Cole* man hit her with the *Coulter* of a plough that was standing near by, so that *De Rosy* face of the girl was sadly *Marr*-ed. The *Young* man blushed so deeply at the sight that his face looked as if it were covered with *Burns*. A man now appeared who was the *Cole* man's *Senior*, and was about to *Tucker* into a wagon and throw her over a *Good Ridge*, but just then it began to *Hale*. He tried to *Dodge* the storm by seeking shelter in a *Greenhouse*, but just then the 7.30 bell rang, and he said, "*Go, duty calls you.*" "*Yes sire*", she replied: "*it called Loud and Call'd well.*"



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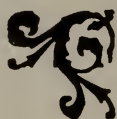


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